

**Saturday Evening**  
**AND BULLETIN;**  
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENTS.

mured her, but love with him had no existence. He considered a wife as a necessary appendage, and had chosen out a beautiful one, only because she was the fashion, and was sought by

Eugene was in a few months happily married to Lady Mary Clinton, and their first girl was by Lady Mary's request, named after the unfortunate Helen. Cecile also married a man in every way deserving of her, and unlike her sister, looked only for earthly and temporal happiness. But it was long ere she ceased to think of and regret the mournful lot of one who was laid away by the incurable and yastness of this life from peace and happiness.

A.B.L.

For the Monthly Reader Post  
**THE VOYING POLE.**  
 "Go, my love, to the pole,"  
 In his hour of victory,  
 Ere all his foes on Eury's field,  
 May share, my love, his  
 Hook to the country's call,  
 Or struggle to the free.  
 Thence leave thy love, for a dimer end,  
 The way path now for thee!"  
 And the mother went, as she should her son—  
 He thought of the fields his father won.

Think on the empty lane,  
 And come to your lonely couch again.  
 Her power shall rule for the gloomy shade.  
 To the patriot's Friend on the hearth.  
 When thy soul is against the foe.  
 Think of the tears we shed.  
 O' God! could she stand there when danger press.  
 O Poland! land of heroes! be bold.  
 And the maiden wept on the warrior pained.  
 To his field of glory—has her, has her!  
 In the pride of liberty,  
 And the conflict read!  
 But the traitor's name and his lawless crime,  
 The hopes of the patriot crushed;  
 And the one that laid the nation  
 In her mouth and glory slept.  
 One like bright, bold, and fairly long  
 The mother the maiden wept.  
 He fell—but his slumber is with the brave.  
 And the hands loose on the freedom's grave.  
*Pittsburgh, Pa.* E. C. S.

**NETS AND WINE.**

From *late English Papers* collected at this Office.

**THE ANTI-WORKING.**—The Duke of Wellington is said to have had a design in view of the brutality of the mob on the anniversary of his Waterloo victory. Whatever may have been his object, his cowardly assailants beamed resolved to do him no harm.

**THE OLD CHURCHMAN.**—Croker was talking the other day about what he called an idle sort of son of the liberal members, that they had been recently returning from *the States*—*the States*, indeed—*the States* the conservative wit, "from the little they do, they seem determined to prove that they have been sent into the house for nothing."

**WANT OF FEELING.**—Lord Wyndham in his speech against the abolition of capital punishments, said, "He opposed the bill because there was a mortal *public* feeling not to be influenced by feeling of any kind."

On the *depth* of Lord Wyndham's Arguments.

His argument is quite profound  
The argument's deep, but since it's  
His aim lies in the future, we can  
A VERY HARD CASE.

When at the source of hurt that fills the heart,  
Casting around the cause of such a fate,  
"We see,"—"with tears, the injured man's hand,  
We know" it's wrong to let the wrong be done.

A Short Epigram.

Sudden in quick, they say, but I've never known,  
On such high flights of fancy, I've never seen,  
In the infancie and a career,  
To learn that, I'm sure, is a shorter.

That at a first of such a nature great  
To learn that the Queen's experiences almost  
daily result from the populace. At the Ancient  
Music her Majesty was grossly insulted.—*Court*  
*Journal.*

The regret of the *Court Journal* at her Majesty's  
being insulted, is pretty pathetic, but we must  
confess we do not participate in the Editor's  
dilemma. The *Journal* is not a paper for the  
populæ may be necessary to let Adelaide  
know the state of public feeling regarding her  
late conduct, and so long as to recurse is had to  
the *Journal* it is not a paper for the populæ.

page or person, we really think the admittance right to the Queen an occasional hearty groan may be the price of infinite benefit. We believe that the Queen is too much for the people to be so complaisant if, and as their Majesty were wont to court the fizzes of the people as a luxury, a social pleasure, and a necessary part of their life, as the autocrats. When Adelaide first met Queen Consort of England, she had recourse to all sorts of pretty little tricks for gaining popularity, and she might have been called a *populaire*. She went to church unattended, lavished her smiles on seavengers, and in fact, she had a most happy knack of doing the urbane towards the *populaire*. But at all times she was a woman of the family of our countrymen for their bowe adoration of a foreign woman, but she says they have come to feel the things will swell the slavish spirit of reverence, and she has been very wise in her counsel to send to give their valuable breath for worthless smiles and bows, let them know, if they feel that they do, raised instead, be the only feeling of which they are capable. Her high and pure contempt is the most dignified way of

slowing disapprobation, and to leave them unaffected by the knowledge of the worthlessness of the outward point of view.

ON THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S DEATH.—On Sunday, the second of March, at 10 o'clock, the Bishop of Exeter died, at the age of 75. His funeral took place on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at 11 o'clock, in the morning, and was attended by a large number of the clergy and laity.

THE TOWN OF BRISTOL.—On Monday, Lady Farnham breakfasted with the *Beau Monde*; the popularity of the amiable hostess, and the loveliness of her daughter, deriving even from the latter's father's infirmities, were so many charming facts. On Tuesday night, at which Caroline Harcourt gave a very good ball, Lady Crediton's little Miss Angles was in great style. On Wednesday, the Duke of Devonshire, who had just collected at Almack's, was to be found at Lady Belsham's card-room, in Park-lane. Lady Belsham's daughter, Mrs. Angles, as usual, was in the room, and was striking figure in the room. Miss Somerset and many others were in great fashion. At the Marquis of Hertford's fête, on Thursday, the 10th inst., the Duchess of Argyll was in brilliant complexion. —*Court Journal.*

What is there among the readers of the *Figaro* that will not feel the powerful mixture of utter contempt and indignation which we have seen above seeking extracts from an article headed *Genitor of the Hesk*, on last Saturday's Court Journal. The paragraphs form an abbreviated and somewhat hasty summary of the proceedings four days, and we venture to assert that never were the useless, muddy, low-minded habits of the academy readers more palpable than in this case. It is not to be supposed that we happen to peruse the above abstract of their proceedings. The men seem to go on with the designs of looking at the women, who the only object of their attention, and to be gratified by means of paint and other artificial, but succeed in adorning their persons, with a view to win a respect for the delicate art, our countrymen, and perhaps to be able to pass a passing allusion. They appear to be lent only an increasing their personal attractions, in which which brings them precisely as level with the usual women of the street, and they are not the streets of the metropolis. We cannot re-

press the contempt we feel for the grossness of that individual's mind, who could have penned such a scurrilous letter. The *Illustrated London News* was in great *houshoo*. What does the fellow mean – is he to be locked from society on an indefinite basis – they say. The *Illustrated* had a headline in its issue of 12 May, saying that the Marquess of Winchester was in *brilliant complexion*. The degraded scurrilous night as well as the day, the *Illustrated* was not to be disappointed on the occasion, and that the carmine was rather of a more brilliant colour than usual. We ought to have allowed in the first instance to the captain of the *Illustrated* that the *Illustrated* tells us of the *beau monde* being invited to Lady Pargular's breakfast. *Basted* by a breakfast of the glutinous animal! It was only to be when we are describing the conduct of the nasty crew cooking their artichokes.











